The Baltimore American

WEEKLY GRAPHIC AND MOTION-PLAY MAGAZINE

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION
VOL. 2 No. 25

BALTIMORE, MD.
APRIL 23, 1922.

MAY McAVOY

A little New York City girl who has charmed the whole United States through her photoplays made in California. May is a typically "little-but-oh-my" girl, for she doesn't tip the scales at one hundred pounds, and she lacks an inch of five feet. Since "Sentimental Tommy," her most appealing picture, she has turned off smiles by the reel. She has appeared in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Sporting Duchess," "A Private Scandal" and her last picture was "A Homespun Vamp" and the new one will be. "Through a Glass Window."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe.

The Grant Centenary

April 27th celebrates the centenary of ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT—citizen—general—statesman—and 18th president of the United States.

A West Point graduate, yet even so, a good bit of a loafer as a very young man. Even until after the Mexican War he was inconspicuous.

With the outburst of the Civil War, young Grant developed rapidly into one of the leading generals of history.

During the war, his rise and promotion were brilliant, and in 1864 he was made Commander of all American armies.

To the left—Jesse and Hannah Grant, father and mother of General Grant.

General Grant during the campaign in conference on the field. From left to right: General Badeau, General Grant, General Comstock, General John Rawlins, Col. Duff, Col. Dent, Col. Horace Porter, Col. E. S. Parker (seated) and Col. Robinett.

The story is told that Grant was a hard drinker. Some of his associates objected, thinking it impaired his judgement in military matters, and they complained to President Lincoln. The President said: "Find out what he drinks and send a case to each of my other generals."

General Grant at about the time when he received the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, in 1865.

Mrs. and General U. S. Grant seated and Col. Fred Grant standing.

Pictures from the Frederick H. Meserve collection of photographs for the use of students and writers of history, N. Y. C.

Ulysses S. Grant on March 4, 1869, was inaugurated President of the United States and again on March 4, 1871, about which time this picture was taken.

Stage Personalities.

NIKITA BALIEFF the entrepreneur of "Chauve-Souris," a Russian pot-pouri, introduced to America by Morris Gest.

GLENN HUNTER played in Booth Tarkington's "Intimate Strangers." He is making photoplays depicting American boyhood.

CONCHITTA PIQUER whose Spanish songs were a feature of "The Wild Cat" and "Frank Fay's Fables," has signed a five year contract with the Shuberts: so luck and Conchita are with us.

LYNNE OVERMAN the dignified comedien of "Just Married": just a year ago, he first acted "Just Married."

GEORGE M. COHAN, Broadway's benefactor—has returned to the theatrical fold in his own play, opposite his own daughter, Georgette, in "Madelaine and the Movies."

BLANCHE YURKA is appearing regularly in a mystery play "The Law Breaker." She is planning also to give several special matinees of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna."
Photo by Nicholas Muray.

LIONEL ATWILL, an English actor, has won the American public in "Tiger, Tiger," "Deburau" and this season in "The Grand Duke."

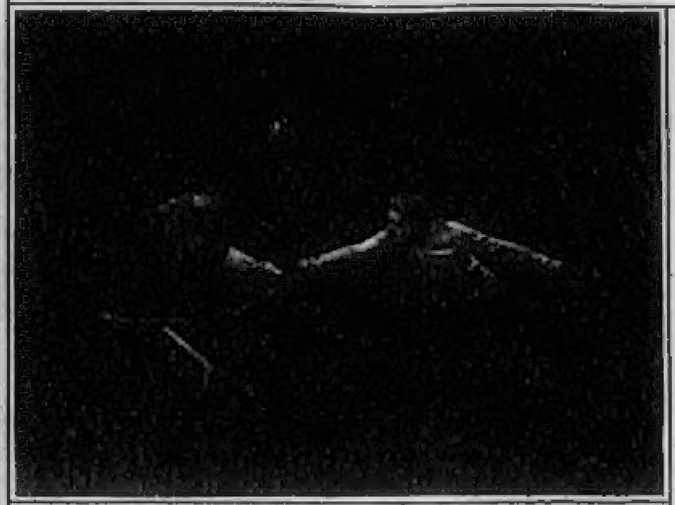
ALLEN DINEHART, the husband in "Lawful Larceny." Last year he was the man from Erie, Pa., in "The Mirage." Rumor is that he will soon play the part of Edgar Allen Poe.

ERNEST TRUEX known in two reel comedies, and as "baby" in "Six Cylinder Love," a comedy, touched by pathos and sincere sentiment. Photo by Apeda.

SIDNEY BLACKMER the star of Clare Kummer's play "The Mountain Man." His performance is one of the high lights of the current theatrical season. Photos by White.

The Romantic Film

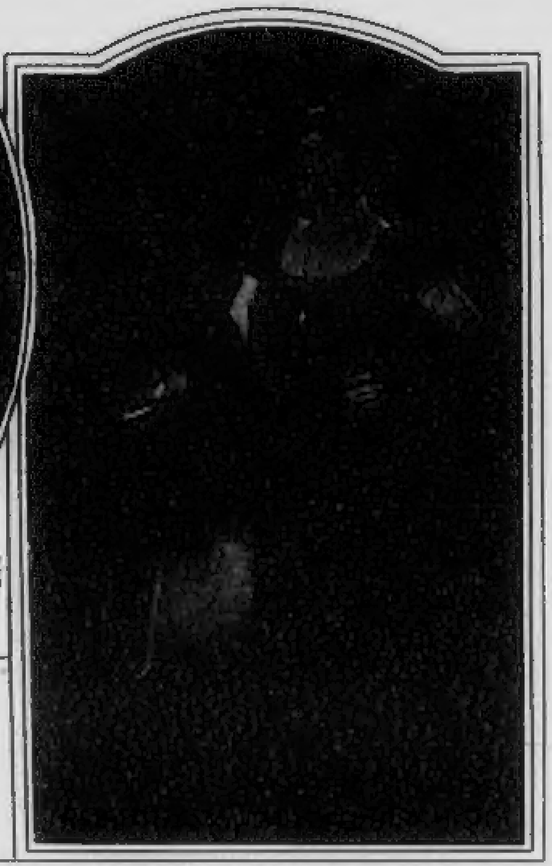
Rex Ingram's production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," a screen version of Anthony Hope's romance, is about ready for release.
Above—BARBARA LA MARR as Antoinette de Mauban.
To the right—ALICE TERRY, the beautiful Princess Flavia and LEWIS STONE, who plays the dual role of the King and Rudolf Rassendyll.



The duel scene between the King and Rudolf Rassendyll, with STUART HOLMES in the background as Black Michael.

The Prisoner of Zenda
The Duchess of Langeais
The Dictator
Orphans of the Storm

Scene from "The Duchess of Langeais," a secluded corner in a convent, where in the old world people took their world old troubles, seeking peace and quiet.



Above—NORMA TALMADGE who plays "The Duchess of Langeais," the working title of her new film. Her personality as well as the costumes of the period make this picture story, one of Balzac's creations, the best part she has ever played.
Nothing among the most expensive productions, as costume pictures are apt to, it was necessary to employ thousands of actors and costumes.
Below—a ball-room scene, headed by the Duchess and the General de Monarivan, played by CONWAY TEARLE, a favorite star and matinee idol, who has returned as Miss Talmadge's leading man, which he was for many other pictures.

LILA LEE featured in "The Dictator," which stars Wallace Reid. It is a story taken from Richard Harding Davis' stage play, in which Willie Collier starred so successfully. In the forthcoming picture production of Davis's "Blood and Sand," Lila Lee has been chosen for the part of the wife. Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes.

"The Orphans of the Storm," a cinema production of the old stage melodrama that Kate Claxton made famous under the title of "The Two Orphans." This screen version of the story is also a classic, in its intimate detail and sweeping elements, all manipulated by the magic touch and master mind of David Wark Griffith.
Above—LILLIAN GISH who plays Henriette. She appeals to the imagination and her pathetic, hopeless gestures arouse pity in the most hardened movie hearts.
To the left—JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT with one of the most ludicrous, mannered acts a hatchetface that typifies the aristocratic manner of living of the time of the French Revolution.

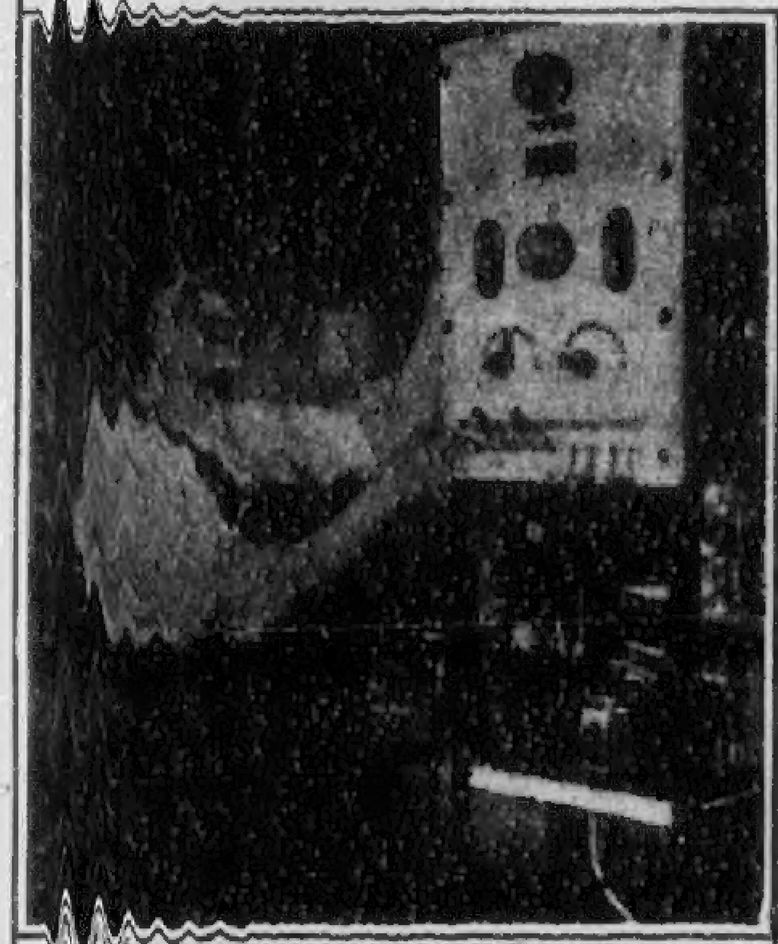
CENTRE
PAGES

The Radio Activity

Speaking through the air to an audience estimated at 100,000 persons, RICHARD BARTHELMESS issued a challenge by radiophone to the censors of the country to find anything of demoralizing nature in his picture "Tol'able David."

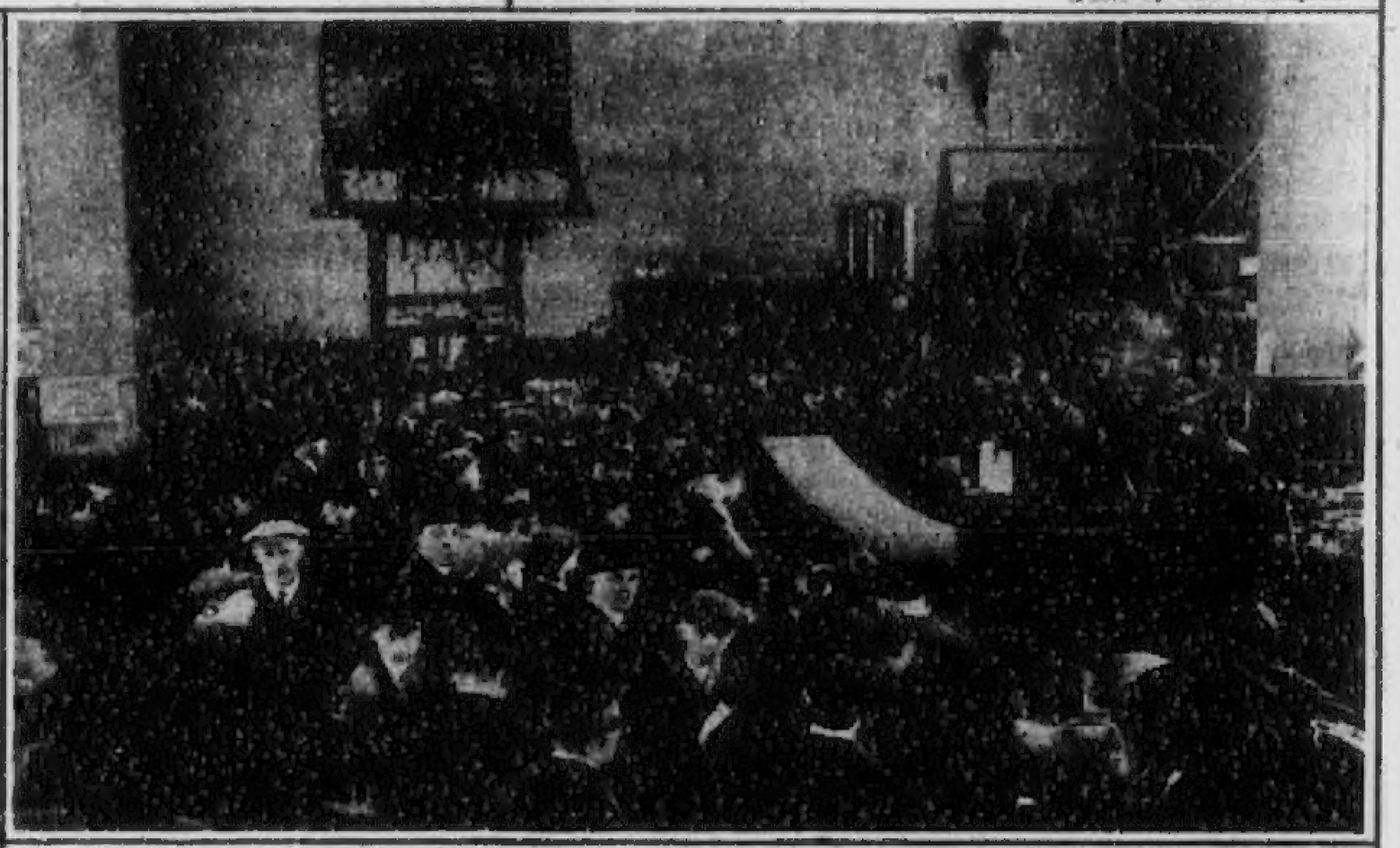
AL JOLSON singing at a radio broadcasting station in New Jersey, entertains this group of young folks in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in dozens of cities.

Photo by Paul Thompson.



MARY TEXANA LOOMIS, the only woman in world who owns and manages a college of Engineering, in Washington, D. C.

Copyright by Harris & Ewing.



Delegates to the first Amateur Radio Convention from the States around the District of Columbia. Photograph made in the Arlington Wireless Station, Va.

Copyright by Harris & Ewing.

Lower Life Drama on the Screen

The owl [illegible] of birds [illegible] of the farmer's [illegible] friends. He lives [illegible] upon injurious [illegible]

The familiar grasshopper is a menace to the farmer, for it can eat its weight of vegetation in a day.

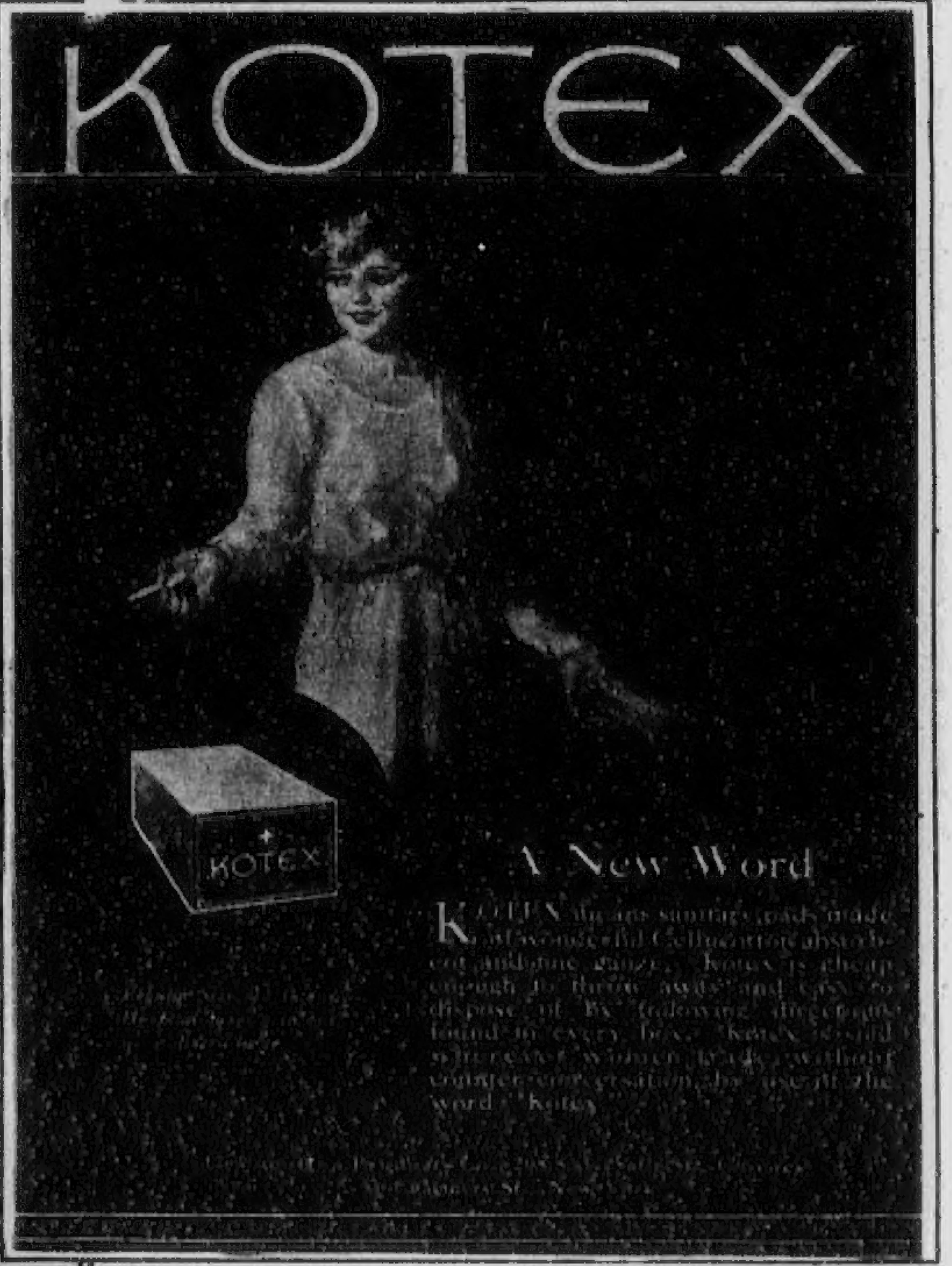
The kingfisher is an expert angler.

A mantis attacking a bumblebee by its highly developed forelegs

One almost always chooses for the early spring a smart, rather small hat, such as this chic chapeau. It is made of navy blue glycerin ribbon and straw to match, combined with a novel cockade of ribbon which gives it a very military air.

Photo by Joel Feder.

KOTEX



A New Word

KOTEX is an sanitary pad made of layers of soft Cellucotton absorbent and gauze. Kotex is cheap enough to throw away and easy to dispose of. By fastening directions found in every box, Kotex is said to relieve women from all embarrassing comment or questioning because of the word "Kotex."

MARY PICKFORD in her "Water Lily" dress of silver green silk with bands of silver lace and silver ribbon around the waist tying in a bow at one side and hanging nearly to the bottom of the uneven hem line. This is a Parisian product by Madame Jeanne Lanvin.

The tendency toward longer skirts is shown in this dress of dark blue velvet, worn by MONA KINGSLEY. The sleeves are of grey georgette beaded with steel beads, and the panel is faced with grey crepe meteor. Blue pearls and steel beads are used for the girdle.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull.

COPYRIGHT GRAVURE SERVICE CORP., N. Y.

HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home—in This New Way

By MARY WALDEN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back my tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself, when we had married and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned," and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care-free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him and cried, "If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up, and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank-check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

"It has helped us over hard spots by turning spare time into dollars"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh, joy! the thrill of the sight of that first check.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in the pretty new accordion-pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Park's sale announcement in the paper.

His mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say, "Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently but firmly "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now? You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every standard pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they send me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company and getting my checks back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without many of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Fall and Winter, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Spring and Summer. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Buffalo, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it; and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was riding on Henry's foot and she asked him to "sing a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your income grow?
By Auto Knitting hosiery,
And woolen socks all in a row!"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her how the Auto Knitter Company, an old, firmly established American corporation, has an enormous market for the good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each owner of a machine to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay check—promptly.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out agreement to pay you at a Fixed Rate on a piece-work basis—a good return for your services.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 994, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y., at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisement.

You will never regret writing for it, either. Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.,

Dept. 994, 630-632 Genesee St.,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....